



**Put Me Out
(Like A
Cigarette)**

Drindalis

Put Me Out (Like A Cigarette) by Drindalis

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier-centric, Eddie will save the day, Even if he has to kill himself to do it, F/M, M/M, Richie's not having that shit, Smoking, Underage Smoking

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urish

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-16

Updated: 2017-11-16

Packaged: 2020-02-01 19:37:49

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,628

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie smokes regularly even though Eddie is concerned about his boyfriend's long term health. The asthmatic boy can't stand it, so he makes an ultimatum: "Quit smoking or I'm going to start."

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Author's Note:

Just got the idea after rereading IT (again, I have a problem guys) and pictured 2017!Eddie's reaction to Book!Richie's smoking habit. Hope you enjoy. ;)

Richie glanced around lazily as he leaned against the school's flagpole, pulling a faded pack of Winstons from his jacket pocket and lighting one up. He breathed in with a sigh, exhaling and watching the thick smoke curl around him, before being dissipated by the wind. There was just something kind of sexy about it, the way the nicotine clung to his hair and clothes, caressing him. It felt exhilarating.

Today, Richie was waiting for his boyfriend, Eddie, to finish his last class of the day. The rest of the Loser's Club would be arriving soon, too.

Honestly, he was surprised Bev hadn't joined him for a smoke break, and then remembered she was trying to quit for Ben. The soft spoken boy had apparently asked if she would try, because he was worried about her health.

Speaking of health-

Eddie appeared as if from nowhere, eyes wide as he snatched the cigarette from in between Richie's lips. "Richie! Dude, I thought you were cutting back!? You already had one this morning!"

Richie huffed a bit irritably as Eddie dropped the cigarette on the ground and extinguished it with the toe of his shoe. "I am, but math was fucking irritating today, and I wanted a smoke, damn it. I can do what I want."

Eddie looked so genuinely disappointed in him, and Richie almost flinched.

Almost.

"Don't be such a downer, Eds. It's not that big of a deal, hell, tons of people smoke. Don't be so uptight about it, I'll be fine." He reached into his pocket and pulled out the pack, lighting up a second one and deliberately ignoring the wounded look Eddie was wearing. He slowly pulled in a long drag and made sure not to blow the smoke in the shorter teen's direction. "So, what's the plan for today? We still doing a movie night at Mike's place?"

"We were. I don't really feel like going anymore." Eddie mumbled. Richie threw an arm over his shoulder and tugged him close.

"Aw, c'mon, Eddie Spaghetti, we're gonna have fun. It won't be the same without you." He blinked in surprise when Eddie simply pushed him away and stomped over to his bike.

"Yeah, well, maybe I'll swing by later. I'm gonna go home for a little bit." He said over his shoulder, pulling his bike off the rack and slowly pedaling past Richie. The lanky teen huffed, finishing off the cigarette and letting it drop to the ground, shoving his hands into his pockets as he followed Eddie on foot.

"Come on, Spaghetti, is this about the cigarettes? Please, can you just quit bitching about it, already? You're not my mom. I know Bev's quitting, but I've been smoking longer. It's not that easy to stop, and besides, I don't really have the motivation."

Eddie shrugged weakly, looking thoughtful. "Fine. I'll stop." He didn't sound happy about it, however.

Richie grinned, patting him on the shoulder as Eddie headed home. "Good man, Eds. See you later, maybe?"

"See you. And don't call me that!"

The movie night was going pretty well so far. Ben had pulled out Blade Runner, Ghostbusters, and Star Wars: Return of the Jedi to kick it all off, which as far as Richie was concerned, was all a growing boy would ever need.

The doorbell rang distantly and Mike got up, waving at the rest of

them. "Don't pause, I've seen this part, already. I bet it's Eddie."

Richie grinned, hopping off the couch even as Bill gave a squawk and fell back, having been using Richie as a pillow for the last half of Ghostbusters. "My little Spaghetti Man is here? Hells yeah!" He darted past Mike to the door, throwing it open with a flourish, a Voice already on his tongue. "Bonjour, and wilcome to m...."

He froze, eyes widening.

Eddie was standing on the porch, a fresh pack of Camels in his hand and a lighter in the other. Richie watched, dumbfounded, as he tugged a single cigarette free and attempted to light it, hands trembling slightly. He glanced up and saw Richie, feigning nonchalance. "Oh, hi, Richie. What movie are we on?"

Richie's eyes narrowed, intent on the thin stick of tobacco even as Eddie finally got it lit successfully. "What are you doing with that?" He asked seriously.

Eddie frowned at him, his free hand moving to rest on his hip. "What do you think I'm doing? I'm smoking."

Richie's scowl intensified. "The hell you are! You've got fucking asthma, are you crazy?"

Eddie arched an eyebrow coolly. "It's not that big of a deal, Richie. Tons of people smoke. Don't be such a downer." He said, quoting the taller teen's earlier words back at him, before he took a long drag. Eddie's face went white and he doubled over, coughing violently. Richie swore and darted over to his side, reaching for the cigarette, but Eddie held it away, hacking and gasping.

"I-I...want a...s-smoke, damn it. You're n-not...my *mom*," he choked out, reaching out to the side of the porch to steady himself, breathing heavily even as he raised the cigarette to his lips again. Richie grabbed his wrist, looking pained.

"This isn't funny, Eddie, please, just stop it! You're going to hurt yourself!"

Eddie snagged the cigarette with his free hand and took a second

puff, coughing so hard and for so long that he stumbled to the side of the porch and began to dry heave over the edge. He spat for a few seconds before raising it to his lips again. "D-Don't be...so... u-uptight about it, I-I'll be...*fine*. I-I can...do... what I *want*." Eddie wheezed softly, looking somewhat ill at the cigarette. His face had taken on a greyish tinge.

Richie bit his lip and tried once more to take it away, but Eddie still managed to evade him. "But you *don't* want to, you're just trying to prove your point! Eddie, *please*, I'm *serious*, here!"

Eddie locked eyes with him. "S-So am I. You d-don't want to quit smoking? Fine. I'll start, then. M-Maybe I'll even learn to like it... eventual-" He was cut off by another round of painful sounding coughs and frantic gasping noises, stubbornly refusing to give in.

Richie finally managed to swat the cigarette away, but his momentary victory was abashed as Eddie pulled another out of the pack and lit it with unsteady fingers. "Yeah, if it doesn't fucking kill you first!"

Eddie said nothing, taking a long drag and looking pained, choking and coughing violently even as a cloud of nicotine escaped from between his lips. Richie stared, he couldn't help it. Everything about this was so *wrong*.

Richie smoked to escape outside, to let off tension, and as a way to rebel against his parents and all the uptight adults of Derry. Seeing Eddie, his boyfriend and best friend since kindergarten, stubbornly choking himself to death on cigarette smoke...it just didn't look right.

Richie had once thought smoking was sexy, had a sort of forbidden appeal to it. He had cut out a magazine photo of an attractive woman smoking and taped it to his bedroom door, back before he knew he liked Eddie as more than a friend. He had thought of how hot it would be to have a significant other who smoked.

Now, seeing Eddie half bent over on Mike's porch, tears and spit dripping from his face as he coughed violently, over and over, gasping for breath as his face turned red, a cigarette stubbornly pinched in his small fingers, and pale white smoke dancing around

him...

Richie couldn't stand it.

He knelt down and grabbed Eddie's pale face in his hands. "I'll *quit!* Okay? Is that what you wanted to hear? I'll give up the smokes, for real, Eddie, just *please stop*. You're hurting yourself, babe...over me! I'm not worth that..."

Eddie gave a weak little wheeze, hands clinging to Richie's forearms, but he looked so genuinely relieved that Richie was half tempted to kiss him right there. "Y-You *are*... and you will...? P-Pr-Promise?" The cigarette slipped from his fingers and Richie took a sort of unhealthy glee in stubbing it out.

"Promise, Spaghetti Man, cross my heart and swear to grace, stick your mom's ass in my face-"

Eddie swatted him, scowling, but there was a grin on his lips nevertheless. "That's not how the rhyme goes-"

Richie caught his hand and pressed a kiss to his knuckles. "Well, I still promise. Although I'm gonna be an asshole for awhile until I kick the habit."

Eddie yanked his inhaler out of his back pocket and took a quick spritz to relax his lungs. "That's okay, I'm used to it. As long as I know you're not killing yourself with those damn things, I don't even care."

Richie nodded somewhat solemnly and pulled his half empty pack of Winstons from his pocket, dropping them with a flourish into Mike's grandpa's chew spit-bucket. It made a nasty sort of squelching sound. Eddie cringed once before he added the brand new pack of Camels as well, interlacing their fingers.

"So, uh. Now might be a good time to mention I've been holding back from kissing you sometimes because you reek of smoke...I thought maybe it would help motivate you to quit sooner..."

"Are you fucking serious, Spaghetti Man?! If you would have told me that, I woulda quit that shit *yesterday!*"

"Better late than never, right...?"

"Oh, you're in for it now, Eds. We better start making up for lost time, I've got a few ideas..."

"Oi! Will you two quit humping on Mike's porch and get in here already? We're about to start Star Wars!"

"Beep beep, Staniel! Quit cockblocking me!"